A Fete Day in a Village in Brittany

Peasants Amused Themselves With Seriousness-Little Mishaps That Didn't Count

What circus day is to the American It was an alluring programme and early

his ligher hearted brothers of France.

like nothing so much as the street entrance fee was charged.

small boy the village fête is to the peasant of Brittany. Life to him is a serious matter. Whether he be fisherman or before with the arrival of the caravan. farmer his existence is a struggle to No American boy ever carried water for wring from the sea or the meagre soil the elephant with a gladder heart than a mere living. Religious festivals, par- did the village boys in their blue denim dons they are called in Brittany, form smocks carry water for the horses that almost his only recreation, but they are drew the mud spattered vans. The vans, solemn affairs, and it is only at the time eight or ten in number, were drawn up of the annual fête that he really permits in a row on the side of the park away from the river. At one end of the park an The Breton peasant at play is not a antique merry-go-round run by a horse joyous figure. The seriousness and the on a treadmill was set up and at the heaviness with which he sets about amus- other was built a rough board enclosure ing himself are enough to drive to despair with several rows of benches around a dusty arena, which was to be the scene The mechanism of these village fêtes of those entertainments for which an

fairs that were popular a few years ago | Long before the hour for the parade the in the small towns of the middle West. quays were crowded. People had come Each village of any importance has three from miles around, some on foot, some on the days each summer, but the days are horseback, one behind the other, for the not consecutive; the Breton's feeble pillion still survives in Brittany, but more passion for pleasure would never last so often packed, half a dozen of them, in

distance brought the crowd to attention. the rough wooden farm carts. All were The fête company has its summer cir- dressed alike in the quaint Breton cos-The people poured out of the little shops guests and servants alike tumbled out of the dingy hotel led by the cook carrying a dripping spoon which he absentmindedly polished off as he ran.

jacket, followed. There was a murmur day.
of appropriation and a stamping of feet Of all the good things to eat the most as he strode past, his eyes straight ahead popular offering was the French fried and his arms folded. Until the hour set for the balloen as- that sizzled over charcoal fires.

cension the crowd pushed up and down the went much faster than the sticks of candy organ of the merry-go-round drew a crowd strange drink that looked like orange standing in perspiring semicircle watch- Luice but smelled like molasses. ing without a smile the middle aged men and women with solemn set faces riding toward the enclosure where the big gray round and round on the wooden animals.

sitter thrust his head and shoulders. with the gas making industry.

white shirts. Their wide, round, low | Many a little Breton home is ornamented crowned black hats were encircled by a with the face of its master firmly clutching black velvet band caught with a silver at the imaginary wheel of this strange buckle in the back and hanging in two automobile. One barker extolled the fas- When these tumblers were all in place cination of an educated pig while the little and the candles lighted the letters blazed streamers almost down to the shoulders. The sound of the "Marseillaise" in the behind the swinging doors.

DANCING TO THE PIPES.

hance For a big copper piece one could anxiety. buy a little wooden paddle with four The procession comes-first, the Mayor playing cards pasted on it. The wheel had been found. Mayor, committee and hat and heavy goldheaded cane; after with cards, and if the pointer stopped at their wire loops. Everybody was in him the four dignitaries who composed one of the cards which had a duplicate the committee, then the band, a dozen on the paddle the holder thereof got back the ladder and banged in the Mayor's hat, or more villagers dressed in that curious his copper piece and a silver one besides. faded blue and scarlet cloth with which There were variations of the game by France clothes her army. All were which one won unusual prizes, tooting away lustily, their efforts led by Never to be forgotten was the joy

a highly ornamental youngster clapping on the face of a middle aged peasant woman when such luck befel her. There Then came the performers, walking was an agonizing moment when she had in little groups, the men in well worn to make a choice. She called all her dress suits and the women in trailing family to advise her. The choice finally skirts lifted over soiled petticoats, with fell upon a glass water pitcher and six bedizened blouses and much feathered tumblers. Seated under a tree with her hats. The hero of the day, the aeronaut, treasures spread out on her lap the woman brave in scarlet tights and spangled spent the rest of the wholly satisfactory

> potatoes ladied out of kettles of grease By 2 o'clock all eyes were directed

bag of the balloon was beginning to lift Other groups formed in front of the vans, its head. The ascension had been prom-One of the vans had a tintype gallery of ised for 2 o'clock, but at that shour the which the scenic accessory was a repre- aeronaut was wildly calling for gas. At sentation of a strange looking machine 4 o'clock the aeronaut was consigning with two round holes through which the to eternal tortures every one connected



ON THE WAY TO THE FETE.

BRETONS IN FETE COSTUME.

drawn by dreary, discouraged horses people cling so faithfully to their national three times in a season. The entertain- costume and nowhere else has it suffered ment is always the same year in and less by exploitation for the benefit of the year out. The model may have been tourists. set centuries ago by the troubadours or The women, from the littlest toddling the player companies that went from girl to the feeblest grandmother, were all castle to castle. The peasant thus sees alike in their ankle length skirts of thick is perfectly satisfied.

One of the largest villages of Brittany red y a swift flowing stream that passes be- above. neath an ancient wooden bridge, said the spot where once was fought a battle white muslin headdress.

cuit, which it makes in shabby wagons tume. Nowhere else in France do the

he same show in July of this year that purple cloth with two or three deep velvet be saw in August of last year. But he bands around the hem. Below this hem peeped five rows of alternating green and selvage set on the edges of cioth tands at the head of a long valley watered petticoats each a bit longer than the one

The bodices consisted of a white muslin to be the only one in France with houses tucker, wide purple sleeves banded with uilt upon it. The paved quays on either black velvet and a deep corselet of cloth side lined with low gray stone houses are heavily embroidered in colored silks and the centre of village activity. On one silver and gold threads. A purple apron side the quay ends in a small grassless covered the front of the skirt and the hair park, the inevitable Champs de Mars, was wholly concealed by a large crisp

glorious in village history. In this park The men in their holiday attire were is held the fête of which the scherly not less striking. Their dark trousers printed posters have held the place of were cut very tight at the top and very honor on the official billboard for weeks. loose at the bottom. Their short jackets

These posters set forth the day's atwere of deep purple cloth with wide black sion, a balloon ascen- velvet collars and cuffs embroidered in sion, dancing on the quay, a grand il- gold and their brightly embroidered white lumination and a grand bal champêtre. waistcoats were worn over loose necked

At 6 o'clock the bag lifted its basket A Holiday Trip on the Thames off the ground and the aeronaut began his final preparations. He struck an attitude in the basket and the Mayor made his well prepared speech, dwelling long and harrowingly on the perils and dangers of "this most brave and daring gentle- English Crowds—Universality of Tagg

man."
The Mayor stepped back, "the brave and daring gentleman" gave the signal and the balloon slowly rose, rose above the fence until the scarlet clad figure of LONDON, July 3.—Everybody who can takes to the river on Henley Sunday. If you have them it is fashionable to the numerous relatives and friends of his the areonaut could be seen by the crowd outside. Then, as if some giant had breathed upon it, it wilted, senk back, collapsed and dropped to the ground.

Silently the crowd turned back to the attractions of the park. No one jeered, no one seemed disappointed. The programme as announced had been carried out and that apparently was all that was required. The aeronaut crawled out from beneath his balloon, gathered it in his arms and still muttering maledictions on all the gas makers in the world and of this village in particular trudged away. tears rolling down his dusty cheeks on his spangled scarlet jacket.
With the approach of night there was

great excitement around the arch at the is less comfort in travelling in a crush in and fours, who are come for early tea. entrance to the enclosure. This arch England even than in America. After it begins to get crowded, and you decide supported an arrangement of wire letters picked out with loops into which fitted expected up the river one American small thick tumblers containing candles. animal, scrubbed pink, with a bow of blue ribbon around its neck, was led out for the crowd to see and as quickly pushed ing and no one remembered where they had been put. The crowd was waiting Most of the vans housed some game of and the Mayor was beside himself with

Presently a shout arose. The candles with long, black frock coat, shining silk spun around over a great saucer covered small boy turned out to get them into everybody else's way. A boy fell off whereupon the Mayor cuffed the boy and the boy's mother held forth loudly on the character of the village's chief official. Some one began lighting the candle-

before half were in place and some one else began blowing them out. Somehow most of the candles got into place and some of them lighted. Hardly any one letter was complete and some of them were entirly missing, but the "grand illumination" had been accomplished and the promises of the programme fulfilled.

Down the quay two men began to pipe for the native dance and in the enclosure the band began playing for the grand ball. As the latter cost a franc and the former nothing the peasants chose the The pipers played a wild strange minor dusty paths of the park. The wheezy wrapped in fantastic papers or the melody with many weird, long sustained notes. The lift of it caught the young men and girls and they started to dance.

The men stepped out first on the smooth paving in front of the pipers. They lifted their heavy shoes high and stepped ooldly. The girls, following, shuffled along behind, their feet scarcely leaving the ground. As the number of dancers increased a long line was formed, weaving round and round and back and forth on the other side of the lock, you get in scross the open space, the men always your boat again, the boatman pulls a few with stolid faces indulging in fancy steps strokes, and you are at Tagg's Island. and little side kicks and the girls shuffling

When the head couple showed sign of lagging or fatigue some other couple

with lawns sloping Thamesward. If regretted not doing likewise. You find you aren't fashionable enough to get when you pay your bill that he is not invited to house and houseboat parties the chief waiter. The latter says they t is the thing to go up to Mortlake or divide the tips, but the older man comes Maidenhead to spend the day punting around just the same and asks you if or idling on the river, with luncheon from a hamper or at one of the numerous.

From the lawn you get pretty views inns where a bountiful meal of cold of punting and rowing parties going neats, salad and gooseberry tart awaits a up and down stream. Little steamers, chance for an assault upon your digestion. puffing and wheezing under the crowds Every train that left Paddington station upon their decks, pass by. The lawn vesterday morning was crowded. There egins to fill with couples and threes

-Houseboats and Bungalows

visit friends who own houseboats moored | who went to Hamerica in their youth and

near the scene of the regatta or houses made fortunes and how he had always

the driver to steer for Hampton Court.

Island," and that goal was selected.

developing them.

"Where can you go nearest London

England even than in America. After It begins to get crowded, and you decide reading about the huge crowds that were to be on the march. By this time you have grown excluelected to strike the Thames nearer, and so about noon in company with a comsive, and instead of crossing by the free ferry and walking back to the bridge patriot he boarded a taxicab and told you elect to hire a bost again and soon

you are trying to make up you mind Lying at the opposite bank is one of

and get furthest from a crowd?" the hotel clerk had repeated. "Try Tagg's the steamers operated by the London County Council. She is crowded and It is difficult to discover whether Tagg about to start down stream. Near by is s a person or an institution. You cannot one of the privately owned little steamget away from the name anywhere along ers—gasolene craft are still scarce as yet the Thames. Besides the island and the on the Thames—which ply between on the Thames-which ply between inn upon it, you find the name bestowed Hampton Court and Richmond. There upon other inns, and about two-thirds of are few aboard her, and there is a good the establishments that rent out boats seat in the stern. Pefore she starts, howbear the name. If Tagg is an institution ever, she has taken aboard a medley nowadays you suspect there was a time of nationalities, making a fair sized when an individual of that name seized crowd. Near by is an English couple upon the wonderful possibilities of the who don't care if the world does know Thames as a playground and went ahead they are sweethearts. Next them is another couple, the woman older than When after a spin across to Richmond, the man, and argus eyed, and the man and then through Twickenham and apparently unconscious of anything but Kingston and Bushy Park, where tame the splendor of a waistcoat which is deer eat out of one's hand as the squirrels

used to do in Central Park, you reach You pass a panorama of rowboats and Hampton Court and cross the bridge, punts and steamers and beautiful houses you find Tagg ready for you within a resand more beautiful lawns for something taurant and a boat hiring establishment. like an hour. When Richmond is reached Of course you can be ferried to Tagg's and the boat is now up alongside the bank Island. It will cost you half a crown a plank is thrown out and a deckhand If you only knew it you could walk up holds a boathook to do duty as a hand the river bank a couple of hundred yards rail, and you are soon ashore.

The passage has not been without to where there is a Tagg hotel, and cross over to the island in a scow ferry, for music, it might be added, for when the nothing. But you don't know and you boat was half way on her journey a man find that after the boatman has rowed who looked as if these were not his brightwho looked as it these were not his brightest days and an elderly woman with short matted hair and a soiled black dress and heavy coat had made their appearance at the after gangway, he with a violin and she with a guitar, and after a few preliminary chords had struck up an ordinarily gay tune. But as they played it it was seesawy and doleful. Another of the same character followed, and the appearance of the train had so wrought upon your sympathies that you put your three minutes you have to get out at a lock, and pay six cents for the privilege of having your craft hauled upon rollers to the river level beyond. You could wait and go in the lock, but some boats are just coming down, and there would probably be half an hour's delay. Arrived appearance of the train had so wrought upon your sympathies that you put your hand into your pocket for a shilling. However, contrary to all precedent upon Thames River boats, the hat was not passed and your good impulse did not carry you to the length of attracting the attention of the musicians.

It was your intention to dine at the They know how to make the best of little islands in Fngland when commercial advantage is possible. The main feature of this one is of course the hotel.

of lagging or fatigue some other couple from the line rushed to take their place, and so the dance went on to the unending blasts of the pipes. The townspeople danced solemn quadrilles and followed them with gallops, in which the women were lifted off their feet and swung in the air by their partners. The band blared steadily on, a yellow cloud arose from the trampled ground and settled upon the heads and shoulders of the dancers.

Over in the park the show people were putting out their torches and packing up their belongings, while from the bridge there came the steady rumble from the farm wagons rolling homeward. Never, it seemed, did the occupants glance back to the village. The fete was over and the programme had been carried out to the letter and at dawn on the morrow they would all be at work again.

Cap'n Bill had the next best thing, two dogs. These were brother puppies out of the same litter; great black Newfound, and dogs of the most rugged breed.

Cap'n Bill had the next best thing, two dogs. These were brother puppies out of the same litter; great black Newfound, and the soda you order for the whiskey. Two men and a girl wait upon you. There is a dozen other customers in this room, all of whom look like the Gayety. haven't done much walking, but you are tired out when Piccadilly Circus is reached

Texas Nights Entertainment

A Tiger Loose on Shipboard—Cap'n Bill was only one bath and that was on the good spoof to get me out of me bath main deck aft. It was detached from the before ten minutes is up. I'll july well main deck aft. It was detached from the before ten minutes is up. I'll july well. and His Dogs

rattled the big fronds of the palms over- to come, and I took passage on her. ead and a cloud straight off the sea blotted all the glowing stars above the patio. How about Chinese pirates around

the little islands off the Straits?" it was the Englishman who put the world he was of course "the special." Big and blond and slow of speech. big dealer in wild animals in Hamburg. the Englishman had always the air of the Englishman had always the air of teing content with his surroundings. When he mentioned names like Buluthey had to keep the hatches off to give the and let out little yells of delight, his wayo, Djibouti or Hsin-min-tun he did

from his club or indicating a commonplace street of New York When the Englishman hinted at pirates out at your trouser legs. was a playful note in his voice. If to put a triffing matter behind him,

THE ENGLISH SPECIAL'S STORY. understand, and a lot of good fellows all. How about a tiger who got loose of Ararat.

aboard ship: a very savage tiger, we'll I was quite a new one at the correspond-night and one of the hairy devils got in Some one jerked on the door knob. the bunk where a Portuguese gambling The door was locked. But splash, splash,

Any of you chaps ever been in Rangoon? gentleman from Macao was sleeping and splash from within! No? Wretched place, I must say. Fever bit him on the bare foot. Then a whole all about and awful heat most of the year basketful of cobres that one of the German and nearly everybody unclean. Oh, a scientists had carefully gathered up back

do with my story. Not a thing except bunk in the dark.

had adventures in Manchuria and Guana- had to sail on a wretched little French mest popular spot aboard ship. Every juato and Nicaragua; all very fine and steamer of the Messageries Maritimes morning nearly every male passenger sparkling, but what we need is a little line, one of these smelly, cockroachy steamers that you find down along the deck before that bath and one by one each The members of the wandering legion, China and India coast whose engines would take his dip. Capt. Noah had his tale tellers all, shifted in their wicker scream every time they turn over and ship's writer make a sign in English. seats and waited for some one to start make such a rotten racket you can't German and French, which said something cup under his mustache with a definitive As if in encouragement of the sleep at all, even if the heat would let like this: 'It is prohibited for one pasarmy Captain's suggestion a puff of the you. But it was the only ship out of senger to remain in the bath more than 10 Gulf wind, cool even in San Antonio. Rangoon for Bombay for two weary weeks minutes.

"I didn't know it at the time or I might you see, a menagerie took passage on kong. Now we come to the story. the ship at the same time. Yes, almost a complete menagerie. One of these fusty o'clock we were all standing in line on suggestion. They called him merely German zoological fellows had been the deck there before the bath in our "the Englishman" down there where the travelling over in Sumatra collecting kimones and serangs, a pretty company army lay. In the London newspaper orang-outangs and another fusty German chap had been back in the bush in the Celebes; he wore a green and yellow An Oxonian he, in whom the infinite var- Straits Settlements picking up chetah's serang that reached to his knees and he lety of his experiences had softened what- and tigers and what not with horns and was a picture for Whistler to paint. ever starch of pride that honor had given claws. They were all going back to some Maybe there were ten of us outside that prize story. Now listen to me; I've got

poor brutes air. And the orang-outangs full ten minutes worth. Then came runit not with the boastful air of an amateur and two particularly vicious mandrils ning down the deck from forward where glole circler but as if he were locating with pink and blue arouts were in cages the staterooms were one of the German tobacconist around the corner on the deck. The mandrils would give collectors. His hat was gone and his a little cry like a girl every time some- hair was flying. He waved his arms body passed their cage and would snatch and roared as he ran.

He chuckled, waved his red tipped cigar the hold and a few Frenchmen and Por-If you agree, we'll save that pirate patriarchal whiskers and a sad eye. We my for another time. It's a bit bloody, Englishmen dubbed him Noah before we'd eyes were cast our way all the time. tout about, and it is not the most part; pretty well worried, you might say. There we were away down at the end of

and the court little yells of delight, his poor brittes atf. And the orang-orange and two particularly visious general states and the particularly visious general states and the particularly visious general states and the states are stated on the deck. The mandris would give a little grain the particularly visious general states and the states are stated on the state that the particular states are stated on the state that the particular states are stated on the state that the particular states are stated on the state that the particular states are stated on the state that the particular states are stated on the state that the particular states are stated on the state that the particular states are stated on the state that the particular states are stated on the state that the particular states are stated on the state that the particular states are stated on the state that the particular states are stated on the state of the state of the states are stated on the state of the states are stated on and a ship that was not nearly large bay whether the human beings aboard the back of us but the rail and the sea beyond igh for a tiger such as he to be roaming Euphrates would have to take to the rig-One time many, many years ago when their way out of their cages one starry that. of Penang was tipped over and for days bath. But, there, that hasn't anything to everybody aboard was afraid to go to his

must explain some peculiarities about was not fifteen feet away. the architecture of the steam ark Eu-phrates. She must have been built before coming! they thought it necessary to provide bothmain deckhouse and stood a little way stay my full ten minutes, old top. Reapart between the deckhouse and the rail gards to the tiger." about the stern.

"It was ridiculously large considering "Who'll come through with a sea tale?" that I went away from there just as soon the army Captain asked. "Here we've as the chief at home would let me. I lined room. Of course that bath was the the accommodation within. Just one tub. aboard ship would line up on the after

Now there was a veritable chump aboard; an Englishman, I regret to say. have stayed over those two weeks; but. He was some little half pay clerk in Hong-

*One bright and hot morning about 7 I recellect there was a Dutchman from isolated bath and the chump was having a sea story and an animal story all

"'Open up and let us in. The tiger's

"Oh. ho! A jolly good spoof!" This rooms aboard ships. At any rate, there from that insufferable chump. 'A jolly was only one bath and that was on the good spoof to get me out of me bath The Englishman paused and twirled

his cigar with a broad smile on his face He reached for his julep cup as if the tale were done. "Well, what about the tiger?" The

query came from behind a red cigar tip ver at the base of the palm.

the comment from out of the dark. "He gets us all up in the air, then leaves us there like that story about the Lady or the Tiger.' I've wished a hundred times I'd never read that Stockton story

"My dear fellow," was the mild expostulation from the Englishman, "think how much is left untold in Genesis; yet that's a ripping story."

"No fair blocking the procession, said Skene, the special agent. "Every man knows best how to tell his special prettily mixed together."

"Make way for the man of mystery!"
"One time when he was trying to make called the army captain, chinking the ice in his julep cup in mock applause.
"Where's this from. Skene, Transvaal make Sable Island what it is. Cap'n Bill ice in his julep cup in mock applause.
"Where's this from Skene, Transvaal
or the Middle Kingdom."
"Neither; Labrador," was the answer.

"Before I get to the real exciting episode | "The tiger kept coming on slowly. He Cap'n Bill had the next best thing, two

land dogs of the most rugged breed.

"Each of them grew almost the size of a St. Bernard. They'd never known any father except Cap'n Bill and the tele runs that no children ever gave greater love to a daddie than those two Newfoundlands to the Cap'n. He had them with him on every cruise and every minute he was ashore. They used to sleep outside the Cap'n's cabin aboard the Laughing lietty and on his doorstep when he was spending the winter months at home in Eay of Islands. They were so jealous of their master that if a strenger made up to Cap'n Bill the two dogs would growl and bristle until Bill told them to shut up and be good.

over at the base of the palm.

"Oh, say, now: you wouldn't have me guilty of dragging in an anti-climax, would you?" laughed the Englishman, and he slipped the straws of his julep cup under his mustache with a definitive gesture.

"Well, I must say I don't like the Englishman's way of finishing a story," came lishman's way of finishing a story, "came to him and the little steem code and makerel boats that the Americans. nation to him and the little steam code and mackerel boats that the Americans sent up late the Newfoundland waters made him wild. So conservative was het that he insisted on using hemp hawsers instead of chain until he had lest two or three good auchors by the parting of his lines when he was riding out a blow. "Then he decided he'd buy anchor chain. He drove 'way down to Eoston to lay in his chain, then went back to the fishing grounds.

lay in his chain, then went back to the fishing grounds.

"Now the Laughing Hetty was a very old boat, older than Cap'n Bill himself. Yet he always said that he knew every trick in her old timbers and he'd rather sail the Laughing Hetty with her keel gone and a jurymast than 'any of these spick an' span Yankee toys' out of Gloncester.

drew nearer and he saw the open mouths FIRST LADY OF OKLAHOMA. drew nearer and he saw the open mouths and the strong teeth of his two dogs.

"For a minute the dogs battled against the sea to reach the hatch cover. As one of them drew near Cap'n Bill put out a hand to help. The hand was snatched at and torn by teeth. Cap'n Bill heard panting growls and teeth clicked at his

"One on either side of him, the dogs "One on either sale of alm, the dogs battled for possession of the hatch cover, fought the man who had loved them and whom they had loved with a dog's blind devotion. Case of survival of the fittest reduced to the lowest terms, you might say. All that had made those dogs man's dogs bad dropped away and there they

coom, all of whom look like the Gayety.

say. All that had made those dogs man's dogs had dropped away and there they were, primitive brutes as of the stone age. battling for life.

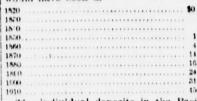
"Cap'n Bill with one arm resting on the little raft throttled one of his dogs, then held the other under water until it ceased to kick. So Cap'n Bill of the Laughing Hetty survived, but they say—these fishermen and strong men of the north coasts—that Cap'n Bill's heart was broken thereafter."

Sold Ballow are "The Women of Eightynine," who are to that State what the Daughters of the Gelden West are to California and the F. F. V.'s to Virginia. Mrs. Sutton is its founder and president. She conceived and with the help of the women of Oklahoma City carried into the coasts—that Cap'n Bill's heart was broken thereafter."

WFALTH IN SAVINGS BANKS Has Grown in the Years From 12 Cents to Over 843 Per Capita.

There are about one-tenth as many savings bank deposits as there are persons resident in this country. This does not mean that one person in ten has a savings bank account, because some persons probably have several accounts. If the total amount in savings banks

had been equally distributed among the



Somewhat Romantic Career of a Little Kansas Schoolma'am.

Although Mrs. Fred Sutton decsn't happen to be the wife of the Governor, she is nevertheless known as "the first lady of Oklahoma," at any rate to the Oklahomans themselves. She acquired her title not by marriage but by other kinds of personal achievement.

It was she, says a writer in Human Life, who organized the women pioneers

which corresponds to the Mardi Gras carnival of New Orleans and the Veiled Prophet of St. Louis and the Priests of Pallas of Kansas City. It was she who suggested a monument

It was she who suggested a monument, which is building, to the memory of Capt. W. S. Couch, who was the first Mayor of Oklahoma City and who in the pre-State days spent all his substance and nearly his life in the interests of State-hood, for he lived at Washington on 10 cents a day while working for the admittance to the sisterhood of States of the then Territory.

Mrs. Sutton may be described as the foremost women in Oklahoma. Yet twenty-two years ago she was a schoolma'am indigerous to Kansas, who made a run with the other settlers to take a claim on the newly opened land. At the same